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Plastic and Filament



dystopic

lights

plastic

21 0 1

Chapter 1 by Nova the Kid

Every night, the streetlamps lining the sides of the stone pathways in the East Sector felt just a little bit darker to Lindsay. Her two a.m. commute rounded out at just over three and a quarter miles from the factory back to her single room flat. There was a flicker a few yards ahead of the thin, sickly girl. She quickened her pace at the unnerving sight. Any oddities at this time were just as eerie as seeing an axe murder pop out from behind one of the cement and glass buildings. There were no lights in any of the windows. Private home power had been cut just about three hours ago, and only the lights on the North Sector hills dotted the starless void of a sky with yellow.

Two miles left. A cloud of dizziness smashed Lindsay and her eyelids began to drop. Today was the first *experimenting* day for her company in months, and the only thing different about the grimy coal processing plant was that every machine was running at at least double speed. Thoughts overtook Lindsay's mind, and in an effort to keep herself awake, she was very unaware of her surroundings. Her brain fell out of Neverland and hit her skull with a silent thump when she looked in front of her and laid her eyes on...

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